

July 30th 1703.

Advertisement from the Conduit in Cheapside.

On this Spot of Ground the Statue of our Late Glorious King William, was design'd to be set up, as does appear by Proposals Printed some time since, to which several Eminent and Worthy Persons would have Contributed, but were prevented in such their Grateful Resolutions: And this Day, in the same Place, Mr. Daniel de Foe is ordered to stand in the Pillory, who is the Author of the following Verses, taken out of *The True-Born-Englishman*, and *The Mock Mourners*:

Satyr be silent, awfully prepare.
Britannia's Song, and William's Praise to hear:
Stand by, and let her cheerfully rehearse
Her Grateful Vows in her Immortal Verse.
Loud Fames Eternal Trumpet let her sound;
Listen ye distant Poles and endless Round.
May the strong Blast the Welcome News convey
As far as Sound can reach, or Spirit fly.
To Neighb'ring Worlds, if such there be, relate
Our Hero's Fame, for theirs to imitate.
To distant Worlds of Spirits let her rehearse;
For Spirits, without the help of Voice, converse.
May Angels hear the glad some News on high,
Mix'd with their everlasting Symphony:
And Hell it self stand in Suspense to know,
Whether it be the Fatal Blast or no.

BRITANNIA.

The Fame of Vertue 'tis for which I sound,
And Heroes with Immortal Honours Crown'd.
Fame Built on solid Vertue swifter flies,
Than Morning Light can spread my Eastern-Skies.
The gath'ring Air returns the doubling Sound,
And Loud Repeating Thunders force it round:
Eccos return from Caverns of the Deep:
Old Chaos Dream't on't in Eternal Sleep:
Time hands it forward to its latest Urn,
From whence it never, never shall return;
Nothing is heard so far, or lasts so long,
'Tis heard by ev'ry Ear, and spoke by ev'ry Tongue.

My Heroe with the Sails of Honour Furl'd,
Rises like the great Genius of the World;
By Fate and Fame wisely prepar'd to be,
The Soul of War, and Life of Victory:
He spreads the Wings of Vertue on the Throne,
And ev'ry Wind of Glory Fans 'em on.
Immortal Trophies Dwell upon his Brow,
Fresh as the Garlands he has won but now.

By different Steps the high Ascent he gains,
And differently the high Ascent maintains.
Princes for Pride, and Lust of Rule make War;
And struggle for the Name of Conqueror.
Some Fight for Fame and some for Victory;
He Fights to Save, and Conquers to set Free.

Then seek Phrase his Titles to conceal,
And hide with Words what Actions must reveal.
No Parallel from Hebrew Stories take,
Of God-like Kings my Similies to make:
No Borrow'd Names conceal my living Theam;
But Names and things directly I Proclaim,
'Tis honest Merit does his Glory raise,
Whom that Exalts let no Man fear to Praise:
Of such a Subject no Man need be shy;
Vertue's above the Reach of Flattery.
He needs no Character but his own Fame,
Nor any Flatt'ring Titles, but his Name:
William's the Name that's spoke by ev'ry Tongue:
William's the Darling Subject of my Song.
Listen, ye Virgins, to the Charming Sound,
And in Eternal Dances Hand it round:
Your early Offerings to this Altar bring;
Make him at once a Lower and a King:
May he submit to none but to your Arms;
Nor never be subdu'd, but by your Charms.

May your soft thoughts for him be all Sublime;
And ev'ry tender Vow be made for him.
May he be first in ev'ry Morning thought,
And Heav'n ne'er bear a Pray'r, when he's left out.
May ev'ry Omen, ev'ry Boding Dream
Be Fortunate by mentioning his Name:
May this one Charm Infernal Powers affright,
And Guard you from the Terrors of the Night.
May every cheerful Glass, as it goes down,
To William's Health, be Cordials to your own.
Let ev'ry Song be Chorust with his Name,
And Musick pay a Tribute to his Fame.
Let ev'ry Poet Tune his Artful Verse,
And in Immortal Strains his Deeds rehearse.
And may Apollo never more Inspire
The Disobedient Bard with his Seraphick Fire.

Posterity, when Histories relate
His Glorious Deeds, will ask, What Giant's that?
For common Vertues may Mens Fame advance,
But an immoderate Glory turns Romance.
Its real Merit does it self undo,
Men Talk it up so high it can't be true:
So William's Life, encreas'd by doubling Fame,
Will drown his Actions to preserve his Name.
The Annals of his Conduct they'll Revise,
As Legends of Impossibilities.

'Twill all a Life of Miracles appear,
Too great for him to do, and them to hear.
And if some fatal Winter should let down
With what Uneasiness he wore the Crown,
What thankless Devil had the Land Possess;
This will be more Prodigious than the rest.
With Indignation 'twill their Minds inspire,
And raise the Glory of his Actions higher.
They'll be asham'd their Ancestors to own,
And strive their Father's Follies to Atone.
New Monuments of Gratitude they'll raise,
And Crown his Memory with Thanks and Praise.

Then, Satyr, shalt the grateful Few rehearse,
And solve the Nation's Credit in thy Verse;
Emblem his Name with Characters of Praise,
His Fame's beyond the Power of Time to raise.

From him let future Monarchs learn to Rule,
And make his lasting Character their School.
For he who wou'd in time to come be Great,
Has nothing now to do but Imitate.

Let Dying Parents when they come to Bless,
With to their Children only his Success.
Here their Instructions very well may end,
William's Example only recommend,
And leave the Youth his History to attend.

But we have here an Ignominious Crowd,
That Boast their Native Birth, and English Blood.
Whose Breasts with Envy and Contention burn,
And now Rejoice, when all the Nations Mourn:
Their awkward Triumphs openly they Sing,
Insult the Ashes of their Injur'd King;
Rejoice at the Disasters of his Crown;
And Drink the Horse's Health that threw him down.

Blush, Satyr, when such Crimes we must Reveal,
And draw a silent Curtain to conceal.
Actions so Vile shall ne'er debauch our Song,
Let Heaven alone, tho' Justice suffers long,
Her Leaden Wings, and Iron Hands may show
That She is certain, tho' She may be slow.